The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
1.	Immortality. Poem	65
2.	Humanity. Poem	65
3.	Youth and Faith. Sermon	65
4.	Jonathan Edwards	69
5.	Service. Poem	71
6.	If and Perhaps. Poem	71
7.	About Insanity	72
8.	Dr. Crothers	73
9.	"The Bottom Dog"	74
10.	The Guild's Union	75
11.	The National Conference	76
12.	Sunday School Lessons from the Old Testament	77
13.	News from the Field	78
14.	Children's Page. The White Dove	80

Immortality.

FOIL'D by our fellow men, depress'd, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And, patience in another life, we say
The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne!

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor routed leavings? or will they,
Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun!
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,

From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Humanity.

THERE is a soul above the soul of each,
A mightier soul, which yet to each belongs:
There is a sound made of all human speech,
And numerous as the concourse of all songs:
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,
Though all the ages are its lifetime vast;
Each soul that dies, in its most sacred whole
Receiveth life that shall for ever last.
And thus for ever with a wider span
Humanity o'erarches time and death;
Man can elect the universal man,
And live in life that ends not with his breath:
And gather glory that increases still
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust shall fill.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON.

*Youth and Faith.**

BY THE REV. FRANK K. FREESTON,

President of the National Conference Guild's Union.

"Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.—*Joel* ii., 28, 29.

WHAT a daring prediction to make in the name of the Lord and His prophet! What a wondrous, joyous promise! But has it come to pass? Did these days of prophesying ever dawn, or have they been and gone with no hope of return, or are we still waiting for them to come again? Was this promise made alone to others in a far-distant past, or is it also meant for us—for us who are set in the midst of present demands, but now met for an hour in this place of prayer? You have gathered together here, sons and daughters from many homes, young men and some elders from various guilds, to join in this united service. Do *you* prophesy, as saith the promise? Do you dream dreams, and see visions? Do you feel the present outpouring of God's spirit in *your* days, and *your* lives? These are questions to ask

* A Sermon preached on Monday evening, April 16th, at the Guild Service in Manchester College Chapel.

rather than to answer at once; but perhaps, if pressed, these would be your replies: "Would that all the Lord's people were prophets, but we dare not take such assurance to ourselves. Would that He might put His spirit upon all men, but we can only look on. Dreaming dreams and seeing visions may be harmless but must be useless, for dreams are not true, and visions are not facts. We simply try to do the plain and ordinary duty of each day as it goes by, to avoid any evil that comes in our way, and to do a little good to somebody. As for these higher things, they are beyond our reach entirely, and God does not expect from us more than we are doing already."

But stay: is that so really? Is there nothing more and better to say? Are we doing our true selves justice if we urge no more than this? It is natural, perhaps, to say at first, "Who am I, and what is my father's house," but it is nobler to say, "Here am I, send me. Lord, I am ready, despite my insufficiency." It is then that we hear the prophet calling, "Let the weak say, I am strong. Be not afraid, but be glad. Fear not, for the Lord will do great things." It is then that we believe in great things ourselves, though beyond our present reach, and are fired with great hopes which save us, though as yet not seen as facts; then that we are stirred with strange joys and awakened to fresh possibilities; then that we are filled with wonder at the present hour, and eagerly peer into the future, and are dull no longer. Yes, there is something prophetic at the heart of every true life, a prophetic note only waiting to be struck; there are some dreams that are ready to become realities, and some visions, no less, which reveal the highest truths.

Let us to-night, at least, dare to believe in the great things, in the invisible things which are eternal, in the spiritual things which are real, in the divinest things of which life is capable. And let this day recall some of these to your memory.

You have been visiting, some for the first time, this ancient, world-known city of learning. You have gazed at its glorious spires and towers rising up towards heaven, paced through its historical colleges and halls, wandered about its spacious quadrangles, lingered in its peaceful gardens, and been everywhere reminded of the great and good who have spent their opening manhood at Oxford. For what does this Oxford stand? For learning, scholarship, knowledge? yes; but for more than that: for the prophecy, the dream, the vision of *Truth*, truth as supreme and absolute, truth which must be followed, obeyed, revered, with patient discipline and pure devotion, and for its own sake alone. No student loved Oxford more than he who said:

For vigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire;
Showed me the high, white star of Truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire.

You have gazed, in your youth, at this "high white star of Truth;" there is something in your heart which will not permit you to knowingly think an untrue thought, say an untrue word, do an untrue act, or spread an untrue report; something in your mind which will not let you be content with less than the whole truth, if it is to be found out; something in your will which could make you fight for it, suffer for it, nay, die for it, moreover, like Ridley and Latimer, if ever a cruel power sought to make you recant, and sware truth to be error. Yes, you would openly, bravely prophesy because you have seen the vision of truth as supreme and could not prove coward or traitor. We are holding this service in one of the newest and smallest of these colleges—but a small college with a great message. What is that message? As you entered the building you read that inscription "To Truth, to Liberty, and to Religion." What a splendid proclamation! If truth is to be sought truly, its search must be free entirely from authority or penalty, and when thus found by way of freedom its highest name is religion. You believe in this religious freedom; not in freedom as a mere negative condition, but as a necessary medium, as a right, a duty, an obligation without which our truth seeking is not worthy of the name and our conclusion is not really our own. Think then what you owe to-day to all those lovers of religious liberty, from Luther and Zwingli to the

Ejected Puritan Clergy, from Servetus and the Socini to Priestley and Lindsey, patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs, whom we commemorate with gladness of heart, and others, our fathers and brethren not wholly unworthy to be named along with them. They dreamed dreams which have come to pass, saw visions which have become facts, and the very thought of their loyalty makes you prophesy and say that you can at least bear willingly in this easier day, any little penalty, any unpopularity, if only the cause of religious liberty be helped thereby, and all trammels on thought be done away. But this liberty for which we still make our plea does not mean, and must not imply, any lazy neutrality; freedom does not, must not, mean, no need of conviction. When Jeremy Taylor, Fellow of All Souls', wrote his *Liberty of Prophesying*, he did not mean liberty to ignore all religion, but to form your own conclusion and be tolerant to another's opinion. When Arthur Stanley, Fellow of University, left Oxford to become Dean of Westminster Abbey, these were his last words to the young men of this university: "Be as free, be as liberal, be as courageous as you will, but be religious, *because* you are liberal; be devout *because* you are free; be pure, because you are bold; cast away the works of darkness, because you are the children of light; be humble and considerate and forbearing, because you are charged with hopes as grand as were ever committed to the rising generation of any church or any country." That is the true spirit and prophecy of religious liberty.

We are met not only in a liberal college, but in this beautiful college chapel. Why is it here at all, and why has such loving, reverent art been so richly lavished upon it? This chapel stands for Faith—faith in divine things; it is meant as a fitting forecourt for the sanctuary not made with hands. And we have been singing hymns, and praying prayers, and feeling how good it is to be here, and to be here together, and in such goodly numbers. What are these hymns and prayers, and kindling emotions which lay their sacred spells on our hearts? Are they not prophecies, dreams, visions of the holier things so near to us, of the heaven that lies about us, of the immortal hope, the Easter faith, by which we are bound to the unseen world where our life is hid with Christ in God? Our hymn soars higher than our action, our prayer is for more than we perform, our fellowship must soon again be outwardly broken, but yet we have faith in that which we do not see. Faith in what we sing and pray, and in that glow of faith we all prophesy. The Spirit of God is poured down, and our answering spirits are lifted up into a unique joy of fellowship, into a common passion of aspiration which assures us the prophet's promise may come.

Oh, friends, though the great prophets and saints are few and far above us, though the great religious watchwords seem too great to take upon our lips, though we feel less than the least of the saints, though we cannot be leaders at all, but only belong to the rank and file, we *can* be faithful followers, loyal helpers, with perhaps the same longings and ideals, the same hopes and joys.

Therefore, sons and daughters, young men and maidens, believe in your youth and your visions. Do not wait for some convenient future, the never-arriving to-morrow. Youth is the time for faith, for generous hopes, for chivalrous enthusiasms. Just as surely as the bright fresh leaves and flowers are bursting out around us in these beautiful, wonderful spring days, so surely may bright, fresh thoughts and hopes spring forth from our hearts. Many of you have been reading lately the thrilling and romantic story of that prophet, dreamer, and visionary, Mazzini, who founded Young Italy and secured Italian unity. He was not yet twenty-six when he launched that tremendous enterprise, and he had only at first five helpers. "Here are we," said one of them, "five young, very young men, with but limited means, and we are called on to do nothing less than overthrow an established government." But they did it. "We were often in real want," wrote Mazzini himself, "but we were light-hearted in a way, and smiling, because we believed in the future." "Smiling, because we *believed* in the future;" that is a saying, a picture, to remember.

We must have, therefore, a true life idea. Is the true life a stroll on a mossy lawn?

Not often. Is it a school wherein to learn discipline? Yes, in part, but more than that. Is it a workshop in which to use tools? Yes, but more than this. Is it a pilgrimage for our own salvation, like that of Bunyan's Christian? No. Is it, then, a mission for the sake of others? Yes, a thousand times "yes." Life is a campaign, a crusade, a holy war. Each should be a soldier of the divine idea and wear the Christian armour, the sword of the spirit, and the shield of faith. What shall be our passwords, our watchwords, therefore, in this holy warfare? In a beautiful evening collect, which you probably know by heart, there is a part which we cannot too often repeat, in word or thought—"Keep us through life to the holy vigils of love and service." There, surely, are our watchwords: *Love* and *Service*. Turn them into commands, "Love, Serve;" these were the motto of the good Lord Shaftesbury, and are on his monument in Westminster Abbey. The one reminds us of what we are to be, the other of what we are to do. Ponder them over. *Love*—our highest word for God, the essence of the two great commandments of Jesus, the greatest of Paul's three excellent things; love, the fulfiller of the whole law, the caster out of all fear, the one thing that faileth never, and endureth for ever; love that forgives and is forgiven, that understands and is understood, that gives, asking not again, yet receives more in return, that saves others and is saved therein, that in healing another's pain finds balm for its own; love that is the Good Samaritan to the wounded on life's road, the welcoming father to the repentant prodigals of the world. Need anything more be said? And *Service*—love's highest test, love's privilege, its means of grace, its holiest purpose. Serve—not as a duty which is hard but as an opportunity of aid, not as a task to be set and completed but as a wish to prove a friend, not as so much effort for so much result but as the whole spirit of our life and work, not as an irksome limitation on our leisure time but as an offering of perfect freedom, and not as an act of our own will alone but as co-working with the will of heaven. "Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord, But train me for Thy will." The service of man is the service of God, if rendered from this high motive; it is the Christ service, the Christ motive, and then, if our power of service seem small, or if we are laid aside from the service we have attempted, or if we should find that others can do it so much the better, then we can say with Dr. Arnold, in the last entry in his journal: "Let me labour to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God so wills it should be."

The true life is not easy; it needs all our courage. The visions of great things do not too often visit us, yet without the vision we perish. The vigils of love and service can only be kept by prayerful, faithful hearts. But here it is that our Guilds try to help us—through the days between one Sunday and the next, through the years between youth and adolescence, through the space between the school and the church. Those who are in charge of your Guilds regard them, hence, as of precious importance. Their welfare, your welfare, is very dear to us. It is not much that we can do, for your lives are in your own hands—and God's. But we wish to be your friends, your true comrades in a common cause. So we appeal to your loyalty to-day, and ask that you will help your Guilds to realise their high ideals. For if, with their aid, you learn to love and serve God, you will assuredly hasten on the coming of His kingdom; if you dream dreams and see visions while you are young, they will not, cannot be in vain, and as you grow older in years, yet still young in spirit, you will dream, and dream them again.

Your wondrous portion shall be this,
Your life below, above—
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
And everlasting love.

ALL of God's sun shines on our commonest day.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*

LOVE is the everlasting worker of miracles. When all seems hopeless, and the soul is descending upon the road that has no turning, let it be awakened to love, and immediately all the forces of the spiritual world converge upon it to lift it toward God. Love is the saviour, love is the perpetual wonder of life.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

Jonathan Edwards.*

By Rev. S. M. Crothers, D.D.

The celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jonathan Edwards calls new attention to his place in the religious development of America. How far has his influence extended, and to what extent is it still to be reckoned with?

It must be remembered that two lines of development may be traced to Jonathan Edwards. His formal theology represented the most logical and, therefore, the most repellent form of Calvinism. He did not shrink from the conclusions involved in the so-called plan of salvation. He dared to state the conclusions of this theology with a clearness which outrages the heart. Indeed, the progress of a more humane theology may be measured by the distance between present-day thought and the sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God."

But there was another Jonathan Edwards, who belongs to the movement with which Channing and Emerson were afterwards connected. Indeed, if one were to inquire as to the positive element in present-day Unitarianism, he would find it stated in Edward's treatise on "The Nature of True Virtue."

When we approach religion from the practical side, the fundamental question is this: What is the nature of the highest goodness to which a man can attain? If we agree on that, we can trust the instincts of the virtuous heart for all else.

One might expect the preacher who had emphasized the terrors of hell and the rewards of heaven to reduce virtue, as so many moral philosophers have done, to a consideration of rewards and punishments. Not thus did Jonathan Edwards answer the question. Virtue, he declared, has nothing to do with hopes of personal rewards or with fear of punishment. It does not arise from gratitude for favours received. It is not obedience to a positive command. It does not arise from any theory that is partial or accidental.

He identifies virtue with the love of the beautiful. Then he asks, What kind of beauty? He distinguishes between that which belongs to the private soul, which may be consistent with selfish possession, and that which is public and universal. That which is personal may or may not be of the nature of true virtue. A man may love his own kindred or be loyal to his own party, and yet be false to larger trusts and interests. The love that belongs only to "a private system" must be subordinated to that which is universal in its scope. True virtue, he declared, is nothing less than "love to being in general." The term "being in general" may sound cold and abstract, but it expressed an idea which to Edwards was fundamental. It was the idea which was in the mind of one of the speakers at our recent Conference, when he chose for his subject "The Cosmic Roots of Religion." It was the same thought which Emerson elaborated so eloquently in his Divinity School Address.

It would be interesting for anyone to compare the teachings of the two New England leaders on this subject. Emerson says: "A more secret, sweet, and overpowering beauty appears to man when his heart and mind open to the sentiment of virtue. . . . The sentiment of virtue is a reverence and delight in the presence of certain divine laws. . . . The intuition of the moral sentiment is the insight of the perfection of the laws of the soul. These laws execute themselves. They are out of time, out of space, and not subject to circumstance. . . . What is the highest form in which we know this beautiful element? A certain solidity of merit that has nothing to do with opinion, and which is so essentially and manifestly virtue that it is taken for granted that the right, the brave, the generous step will be taken by it, and nobody thinks of commending it."

Now turn to Jonathan Edwards. There is the same sense of a beautiful order, the same insistence that the moral sense is its own evidence. "That which is called vrtue," said Edwards, "is a certain kind of beautiful nature, form, or quality that is observed in things. The form or quality is called beautiful to any one beholding it to whom it *is* beautiful. . . . It is evident that the way we come to the idea or sensation of beauty is by immediate sensation of the gratefulness of

* Dr Crothers' paper on "Jonathan Edwards appeared in the *Christian Register* of October 22nd, 1903. Dr. Crothers' visit to England is a sufficient reason for re-printing this remarkable essay in the Seed Sower.

the idea called beautiful, and not by finding out by argumentation any consequences or other things that it stands connected with any more than tasting the sweetness of honey, or perceiving the harmony of a tune, is by argumentation or connections and consequences." He declares again that "those who see the beauty that there is in true virtue do not perceive it by argumentation, or its connections and consequences, but by the frame of their own minds, or a certain spiritual sense given them of God whereby they immediately perceive pleasure in the presence of true virtue." This is the very essence of what afterward was known as Transcendentalism.

Nor does Edwards, the moral philosopher, allow Edwards, the Calvinistic theologian, to reduce all this to an arbitary decree of God. Goodness is an ultimate fact not dependent on any positive command. "If it is meant that the frame of mind, or inward sense given them by God, whereby the mind is disposed to delight in the idea or view of true virtue, is given arbitrarily, so that, if he had pleased, he might have given a contrary sense and determination of mind, which would have agreed as well with the necessary nature of things, this I think is not true." True virtue, he insists, is absolutely disinterested. The man does not ask what effect any act will have upon his personal fortunes: he asks how it stands related to "the necessary nature of things."

"The moral sense, if the understanding be well informed, and be exercised at liberty and in an extensive manner, without being restrained to a private sphere, approves the very same things which a spiritual and divine sense approves. . . . This moral sense consists in approving the uniformity and natural agreement there is between one thing and another, so that by supposition it is agreeable to the nature of things." This conception of virtue as austere beauty—a perfect harmony with the order of the universe—was singularly inconsistent with the idea of arbitrary rewards and punishments. Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, the friend of Jonathan Edwards, developed the doctrine of disinterested virtue to the point at which Calvinism broke down "from its own too much." If the integrity of the universe demands that I should go to hell, the good man says, then to hell I go willingly. It is the height of self-abnegation. The Eternal Right says,—

"But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven."

In Dr. Hopkins's congregation was a sensitive youth, William Ellery Channing. Channing afterwards wrote: "I was attached to Dr. Hopkins chiefly by his theory of disinterestedness. One day a relative of mine, talking with him about the text, Rom. ix., 3 (I could wish myself accursed), observed, that the passage should be rendered, 'I *did* wish.' Dr. Hopkins replied that, if Paul did not say what our version ascribes to him, he *ought* to have said it." Dr. Channing tells us how, after preaching for Dr. Hopkins, the stern old Calvinist smiled upon him, and said, "'The *hat* is not made yet.' On my asking an explanation, he told me that Dr. Bellamy used to speak of theology as a progressive science, and compared the different stages of it to the successive stages of making a hat. The beaver was to be born, then to be killed, and then the felt to be made, etc. Having thus explained the similitude, he added, 'The hat is not made, and I hope you will help to finish it.'"

Does it not seem clear to us, looking back, that there was a natural and inevitable development from Edwards to Hopkins, from Hopkins to Channing? If the doctrine of disinterested virtue were true, then the good man must rise superior even to the fear of hell. Channing was thrilled by this conception of heroic virtue, but he went a step further. If human goodness by its very nature goes out in perfect love to "being in general," if it be free from all arbitrariness and partiality, what of divine goodness? If a man can rise superior to threats or flatteries, what shall we think of God? When a man ceases to cringe, can he worship a God who finds pleasure in torturing him? Channing's moral argument against Calvinism is but the development of the ethics of Hopkins and Jonathan Edwards. It is interesting to note that at the present time there is more sympathy among Unitarians with Jonathan

Edward's doctrine about the nature of true virtue than is to be found in the orthodox churches.

The crucial question is, What is to be the centre of our love? What do we mean by the love of God? Jonathan Edwards gave a cosmical interpretation to the words. The love of God in our hearts was "love of being in general," it was universal in its scope. It was something that could not be limited to a personal affection. The Christo-centric theology of our day takes for granted that God conceived of as the Universal Being is too remote to arouse emotion. The love of Christ is a warm affection and loyalty to a person who can be conceived by the imagination. There is here a definite and concrete image. This personal loyalty is preached as the very highest thing to which we can attain.

But is this true? I for one do not believe it. The essential thing in the thought of God is that it brings us into the presence of the Infinite. We love God not merely as we love a particular person, but as we yield ourselves willingly to a universal power and to a perfect law. I think Jonathan Edwards was right when he said: "Let it be supposed that some beings, by natural instinct or by some other means, have a determination of mind to union and benevolence to a *particular person* or *private system* which is but a small part of the universal system of being, and that this disposition or determination of mind is independent of, and not subordinate to, benevolence to *being in general*. Such determination, disposition, or affection, is not of the nature of true virtue." In other words, true virtue is something more than love of a person, even though that person be conceived of as divine. It is also loyalty to a principle, acceptance of reality, harmony with our actual environment. It includes the love of the man of science for pure truth, the love of the artist for ideal beauty, the love of the upright judge for impartial justice. It is impersonal as well as personal, cosmical as well as human. No Christo-centric formula is adequate, for it cannot be confined to any "particular person" or "private system." It "finds centre everywhere." A sound theology must have something of this universality. It must be based upon the nature of true virtue.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Service.

Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone.
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all:
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.
Somewhere, in a nook forforn,
Yesterday a babe was born:
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered clearly out of heaven.
His shall be no stumbling feet,
Failing where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clue;
Friends shall unto him be true;
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name.
Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Slumber soothe him all the night;
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform.
'Tis enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee.

SIDNEY HENRY MORSE.

If and Perhaps.

If every one were kind and sweet,
And every one were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should murmur or complain,
And every one should labour
In useful work, and each was fain
To help and cheer his neighbour,—
Then what a blessed world 'twould be,
For you and me, just you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I, just you and I,
Should smile and never worry;
If we should grow, just you and I,
Kinder and sweeter hearted,—
Perhaps in some near by and by
That good time might get started.
Then what a blessed world 'twould be,
For you and me, just you and me!

—*Selected.*

About Insanity.

THE consideration of the question, whether the growth of insanity among us is apparent or real, is obviously of the utmost importance. That the number of insanes in asylums is growing faster than the population, is admitted. In 1859, when records began to be kept, the number of insanes under confinement was 36,762, or 18.67 per 10,000 of the population. It has steadily increased, until in 1904 the number under restraint had grown to 117,199, or 34.48 per 10,000. The theory that many insanes now find their way into asylums who would, a few years ago, have remained outside, would, if a correct one, be able to take us back to some date when the proportion of insanes to population began to rise suddenly. But the growth has been by a gradual increment. The reports of the Commissioners in Lunacy do not show a sudden increase in any year. Moreover, the number of insanes at large seems to be increasing, if one may judge from the newspaper reports, which record the sudden murder of children by parents, followed by the suicide of the latter, with horrifying frequency. The impression on my mind is, that a continually increasing number of lunatics is at large among us, notwithstanding the great increase of those in confinement. Then there is the theory of the accumulation of lunatics in asylums, owing to a greater expectation of life among them, now that better care is taken of them. This is a question for actuaries: but I think we may take it, that inmates of asylums have a less expectation of life than sane persons of the same ages have outside. They thus disappear more rapidly than sane persons of the same ages, and therefore accumulate less rapidly in proportion, than corresponding age classes outside.

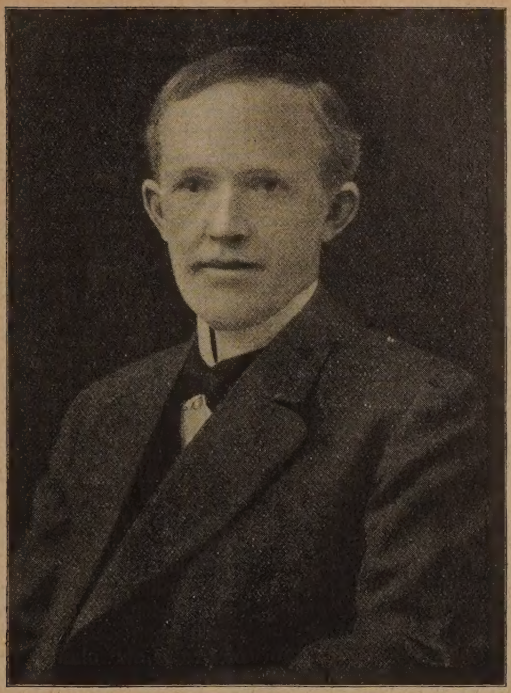
Another hypothesis has been set up to account for the increase of insanes in the greater stress of life now. Railways, trams, motors, all the transport agencies which facilitate business, are supposed to increase worry and mental strain, and so to prematurely exhaust nerve force. It seems to me that the fact that a business man can get from London to Birmingham in two hours now, instead of twelve to twenty hours, makes life easier, and wear and tear less than it used to be. So do the immense improvements in sanitation, cleanliness, water supply, housing, food and precautions against its adulteration, and civilised ways of life generally. There could not have been much brain recuperation in a journey by coach or wagon between Birmingham and London in winter. That life is easier is shown by the growth of population.

The fact is, that the growing insanity is not an isolated phenomenon, but is connected with various other signs of degeneration which are unpleasantly manifest among us. The growth of criminality is an allied fact. So is the decreasing birth-rate. Another is the decay of teeth among the young, whose eyesight is also a constant source of trouble. Similar testimony comes from the Army recruiting service, in the increasing unfitness of recruits for the Army. The appalling increase of cancer among us is perhaps more ominous than the rest of this writing on the wall. A consideration of all these proofs of worsening vitality leads one irresistibly to the conclusion that some one cause is at work among us, which is counteracting all the improvements which are being constantly brought about in our physical environment. Until this undermining destructive agency is discovered and got rid of, we cannot but expect disappointment in respect to physical health. As it is difficult to conceive of the essential human being as insane, or of insanity being anything but the distortion of mental images by a diseased brain, insanity seems to be wholly a physical ailment, though its onset can probably be checked by moral self-control.

A. P.

"FRET not thyself," said an old Greek dramatist,—"fret not thyself because of *things;* for they care naught about it."

IN our higher and happier moods, I think we all have visions of the truth that we never are nor can be paid for, save only in the doing of it. Our finest devotion is never recompensed in terms of the market. It never can be. We give ourselves, and find in return our larger life.—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*



DR. CROTHERS.

WE have much pleasure in giving our readers a portrait of the Rev. Dr. S. M. Crothers, whose latest book, "The Pardoner's Wallet," we noticed last month. Dr. Crothers is to give the Essex Hall Lecture on Whit-Tuesday, and is also to preach at the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham, in May and June, and at the Essex Church, London, in September and October. Dr. Crothers is the Minister of the First Parish Church, Cambridge, Mass., and lives under the very shadow of Harvard University, and the homes of Longfellow and Lowell. His first book to attract attention was made up of essays contributed by him to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the leading American magazine, and was called "The Gentle Reader." "No book of its class," says the Boston *Critic*, "since 'The Autocrat,' has delighted so wide an audience."

Dr. Crothers began preaching when he was nineteen years old and has kept it up ever since—for about five years as a Presbyterian and since then as a Unitarian. Until the last seven years such things as he had published were sermons and articles in religious journals. His first magazine article was published in 1898 or 1899 in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1902 Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published a little story by him called "Miss Muffet's Christmas Party." Dr. Crother's life has been taken up with the duties of his profession, to which he has always given the first place. He has never written his sermons, and he objects to "essays" in the pulpit, but he has always been in the habit of writing for his own amusement.

"The Bottom Dog."

In his new volume "Not Guilty: A Defence of the Bottom Dog," Mr. Robert Blatchford has expanded and amplified his argument against human freedom and responsibility, as presented in his earlier book, "God and My Neighbour." Mr. Blatchford is a man of spirit, of indomitable self-confidence, and he writes with a *verve* which always makes him interesting to read; indeed, during the whole perusal of his plea for the "bottom dog" I hesitated between two sentiments—admiration for a writer who literally does not know when he is beaten, and regret for a controversialist so unable to appreciate the position of his opponents.

"Not Guilty," like its predecessor, is a rhetorical rather than an argumentative performance, though less marred by extravagance and violence than "God and My Neighbour;" like the latter, too, it is full of flagrant self-contradictions which the author has not taken the trouble to notice or correct. In a work written with a less serious import these inconsistencies—of which one could give a column of examples—would be merely amusing; in what purports, however, to be a treatise on ethics it shows a serious incapacity for sustained and accurate thinking which is much to be deplored.

One feels this all the more since it is impossible not to have a very large amount of sympathy with the object which has animated Mr. Blatchford in writing these pages; if his reasoning is for the most part superficial and spurious, his emotion is deep and genuine enough—an emotion of indignant pity for those with whom he considers our laws deal unjustly, the class whom it used to be the fashion to describe as "more sinned against than sinning." These people, Mr. Blatchford declares passionately, have no chance; they come from tainted stock, have grown up in wretched surroundings, are the products of their heredity and environment. In all this there is so much truth, and that truth so obvious, that the only wonder is that Mr. Blatchford should imagine it to be a new discovery or a kind of secret doctrine; his mistake is that he treats a part of the truth as its whole, and regards these two undenied factors in the making of conduct and character—viz., heredity and environment—as the only ones. Because these forces have a great deal to do with directing our actions, he concludes that man has no liberty of choice, no responsibility for any choice he may make, whatsoever. Such a thesis would, of course, at one blow do away with all that we understand by morality, for as he says with the frankness which always charaterises him, "I claim that men should not be classified as good or bad." Men do such things, and such things only, according to this theory, as they cannot help doing; they have no voice in the decisions which they apparently make, and deserve neither praise nor blame for their actions; the hero is no more answerable for his heroisms than the burglar for his burglaries, and a man is no more to be censured if his inclinations lead him to homicide than if they led him to landscape gardening.

In the last resort such a theory is too grotesque to be taken seriously by the average sensible person, who, without being a philosopher, instinctively suspects the kind of logic which would cancel the distinction between good and evil, or represent his sense of praise and blame-worthiness, the approval or condemnation of conscience, as so many delusions. Without having recourse to syllogisms, and by a direct appeal to a less fallible instrument or witness, *i.e.*, experience, we know that it is simply not true that we always take the line of least resistance; we know by an evidence which there is no gainsaying that we are not merely passive spectators of our own emotions, lookers-on at the drama of our own lives—we know that we have often yielded when we ought to have resisted, and that we have sometimes conquered an evil inclination with a tremendous effort, the recollection of which leaves the "least resistance" theory an exploded fiction. When Mr. Blatchford suggests that in all our decisions we simply obey our strongest motives, he is quite right; only he fails to understand that it is we who can decide which is to be the strongest of two or more contend-motives—that in battling against a great temptation, *e.g.*, we deliberately attend to one set of motives, and as deliberately turn away

from another, in so doing exercising the freedom which he denies.

How little Mr. Blatchford has thought out his own position—how little he even understands what it is he is trying to prove—comes out strongly in the chapter in which he brings the case of the "bottom dog" to a dramatic issue by representing himself as counsel for a tramp who has murdered a little girl for the sake of a few coppers. What he thinks he is demonstrating, is that nobody is responsible; what he is really attempting to demonstrate is that everybody else is responsible —*except his client*. This writer who has told us in plain terms that "no man is answerable for his own acts," when it comes to defending the murderer, tells us in equally plain terms that "society" is "responsible" for this "ignorant and desperate savage." Now society after all consists of individuals; and if individuals are responsible, even in a limited degree, so is the individual in the dock. Either we are all responsible together, or we are all irresponsible together; anyhow, it will not do to argue from the complete responsibility of society to the complete irresponsibility of the criminal. We may make the utmost allowance for the unpropitious heredity and environment of the latter, and on the strength of these pass the most lenient sentence, with treatment calculated to reclaim the prisoner; but the verdict of "Not Guilty" for which Mr. Blatchford as defending counsel asks, is quite impossible. If the murderer were really "not guilty," how is it that he exhibits the phenomenon of remorse?

As a matter of fact, Mr. Blatchford has in this "court scene" described his own function throughout the book with unconscious fidelity; that function is never the judicial one, but always and exclusively that of the advocate, speaking from his brief, and striving for a verdict by every means at the disposal of a practised rhetorician. The fiction of irresponsibility is devised only for his client's behalf; he abandons it the moment he deals with the "other side"!

I cannot bring this very brief summary notice of Mr. Blatchford's book to a close without expressing my regret that a volume primarily inspired by so admirable a sentiment as compassion with human weakness, should have popularised a theory which cannot but be fraught with grave possibilities of moral mischief. It is a theory which offers a great attraction to the coward, the shirker, the transgressor of every shade. Human nature is quite prone enough to find excuses for sins committed; to be told that they are not "sins" at all, that he "could not help being what he is and doing what he has done, will be glorious news to the waster, the cheat, the indolent, and move him to tears of tender self-pity. But the true benefactor of humanity is not the one who tells men to be sorry for themselves—that it is no use their trying to be or do better; the emancipating voice is that which appeals to the heroic in man, with the trumpet call "Thou *canst*, because thou *oughtest*": the voice which assures him that—

"We fall to rise; are baffled to fight better;
Sleep to wake."

J. WARSCHAUER.

The Guild's Union.

THE annual meetings of the Union were held at Oxford in connection with the Triennial Assembly of the National Conference. The sermon was preached in Manchester College Chapel, on Monday evening, April 16th, by the President, the Rev. F. K. Freeston. The service was conducted by the Rev. John Ellis, and the occasion was felt by all present to be most profitable and inspiring. The sermon by the President was peculiarly fitting and impressive, and we have much pleasure in giving a full report of a discourse which we trust will be read by all our Guild members. Taking advantage of the Easter Monday excursion trains, 120 young people from London, and 30 from Birmingham, with a few from other centres, spent the day in Oxford, visiting the colleges and places of public interest. Admirable arrangements were made for dinner and tea at the College, and for the Birmingham contingent, starting as they did at six o'clock in the morning, breakfast was prepared. The weather was in its friendliest mood—one of those spring days when it is a joy to breathe air and to feel that one is alive. Altogether a red-letter day.

The business meeting was held in one of the Committee Rooms of the Town Hall on Thursday afternoon, April 19th, the President, Rev. F. K. Freeston, in the chair. Among the friends present were the President of the Conference, Mr. Alderman Bowring, of Liverpool, the Right Hon. Wm. Kenrick, Mrs. Wallace Bruce, Miss Clephan, the Revs. J. J. Wright, Rose, E. A. Voysey, C. M. Wright, C. Hargrove, J. Wood, and representatives from thirteen Guilds. In the absence of the Secretary, Rev. Gordon Cooper, the Committee's report was read by Mrs. Bruce, and by her kindness will be printed and sent round to all the Guilds in the Union. The Officers for the new year were then elected:—President, Rev. F. K. Freeston; Vice-President, Rev. J. Wood; Treasurer, Mr. H. Greg; Secretary, *pro tem*, Rev. J. Ellis. A resolution, commending the Guild idea and movement to the attention of the churches, was moved by Rev. J. Wood and supported by the Rev. C. Hargrove, Miss Clephan, Messrs. Bowring, and Kenrick. It was not found possible to announce the results of the Essay Competition, the Examiners not having sent in their reports. We hope to give full particulars of these next month.

The National Conference.

Oxford Meeting, April 16-20, 1906.

The ninth triennial gathering of the Conference can be thankfully regarded as in some respects the most successful of the whole series. This is all the more gratifying because when the proposal of visiting Oxford was first made there were many doubts as to the possibility of entertaining any large number of heretical guests in that ancient, beautiful, but not very sympathetic city. The small band of friends connected with the College could only offer hospitality to a few, and the cost of lodgings for ministers and delegates would, it was felt, prevent many from attending. But by the great kindness of Mr. Charles Jones and a few friends at Liverpool, the necessary funds were provided to enable the Oxford Committee to offer accommodation, with the result that the meetings were attended by nearly 500 delegates, and by other friends in goodly numbers who catered for themselves. But satisfactory as was the attendance, and ample and generous the hospitality, it was not these things that made the gathering so memorable. That was due chiefly to the fine tone of the meetings, the lofty, Catholic spirit of the papers and sermons, and the very high level of ability maintained throughout. A pleasant and noteworthy feature of the Conference was the presence of ministers and members of other communions. Dr. Rashdall, of Oxford, and Professor Charles, of Trinity College, Dublin, represented the Liberal element in the Episcopal Church, while three such eminent Congregationalists as Dr. Murray (Editor of the National Dictionary), Dr. Hunter, and the Rev. T. Rhondda Williams gave the meetings an unwonted air of inter-denominational communion.

Perhaps the doings that stood out with the greatest prominence were the papers at the Tuesday morning meeting on the Social Question, and the remarkable addresses on Wednesday morning, Mr. Jacks, Dr. Rashdall, and Mr. Rhondda Williams on the position and present aspects of the Liberal movement in religion. Mr. Wicksteed's paper on "Three requisites for Social Amelioration," was as brilliant as it was suggestive. This is not the place to speak of the Conference sermon by Mr. Wood, but the sermon by Dr. Hunter cannot be passed over without a word of most grateful appreciation. The Conference expressed its sense of gratitude to Dr. Hunter by making him an honorary member.

A large number of "side shows"—meetings of various societies, were held in the afternoons—the Temperance Association, the Van Mission, the Pensions Fund, and the Guilds' Union. The Wednesday evening soiree in the College was a jammed, crammed, crowded affair, full of animation and friendly greetings.

The little breeze on Friday morning over Mr. Wood's resolution must not be given too much importance. Such things after all are surer signs of life than placid contentment. Something may yet come of these proposals for more concerted and co-ordinated action.

Mr. Gow's paper (without discussion), on "The Ideal of a Church," was an extremely appropriate finale to a stimulating and uplifting conference.

Sunday School Lessons from the Old Testament.

III.
THE GREAT FLOOD.

(Genesis, Chapters vi., vii., viii., ix. 1-19.)

LESSON TEXT.—"The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters."—*Psalm xciii., 4.*

Read at home the whole story noting *the details.* Note any repetitions or discrepancies; *e.g.*, compare vi. 19 with vii. 2, 3, and attend to the statements as to the duration of the flood.

I. DUAL ORIGIN OF THESE CHAPTERS.

We have seen in lesson one that there are two stories of creation, one of early date, easy, graphic, and familiar in style, the other later, more dignified, fond of detailed numerical statements, systematic. We have also two stories of the flood, distinguished from one another by these characteristic marks of style. But here the two have been combined by the compiler, who tried to make one record of the two great history books of which we heard in lesson one. Probably parts of the original stories, in particular what the earlier said about the building of the ark, have been omitted as unessential, but on the whole we can still recover the two independent and parallel accounts. Indeed, if you have carefully noted the earlier writer's use of the name Jahweh, and his simple free naïve style, and have contrasted it with the later writer's love of careful detail and system, and avoidance of the name Jahweh, you may separate the main portions of these stories from one another for yourselves. We shall find that the accounts, while agreeing in the main, differ greatly in style and in what they say about certain details of the story, but we shall no longer be puzzled by the repetitions and discrepancies which are a stumbling-block to any careful reader who looks upon the narrative as the work of one narrator.

NOTE.—The early story, by the author of Genesis ii. 4-25, will be found in the following verses: Chapter vii. 1-5, 7-10, 12, 16 (second half), 17, 22, 23; chapter viii. 2 (second half), 3 (first half), 6-12, 13 (second half), 20-22; chapter ix. 18-27. The remaining portions together form the account which comes to us from the hand of the later writer who wrote Genesis i.

II. WHAT FACTS UNDERLIE THE NARRATIVE?

The accounts as they stand cannot, it is evident, be taken as literally accurate. The gathering of all animals into an "ark," with sufficient food for all for a year, the resting of the ark for some seven months on the top of Ararat, over 3,000 feet above the line of perpetual snow, and other similar statements, show us at once that we have here another of the beautiful stories of man's childhood, elaborated with all the fanciful colours of primitive times. Some great rising of the rivers may have marked an epoch in early history, and gradually come to be looked upon as a world-flood which well-nigh brought about the destruction of the human race. The tradition is common to many nations, for we find it in various forms in Greece, Persia, India, and in Chaldea, where the account is startlingly similar to that before us. The common tradition took on among the Hebrews its own peculiar form, where the flood is the work of Jahweh and the result of his repenting that he had made man.

III. NOTEWORTHY POINTS.

1. In the early narrative the flood is announced seven days before its appearance; the rain is on the earth forty days and nights; the ground dries up one hundred and one days after the coming of the rain; the animals are distinguished as clean and unclean, and seven pairs of the latter are taken into the ark (vii. 4, 12, viii. 6, 10, vii. 2).

2. In the later narrative the whole story is on a vaster scale, with more exact numerical statements. The waters prevail one hundred and fifty days, and disappear two months after the tops of the mountains are seen. Two only of each kind of animal enter the ark. The whole time from the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep till Noah leaves the ark is one year and ten days (vii. 11, 24, viii. 3, 4, 5, 13, 14).

3. In vi. 1-4 the early writer has incorporated material from a yet earlier source, possibly from some primitive mythological epic of Israel. The giants, half-children of the gods, correspond to the Greek "heroes."

4. The distinction between clean and unclean animals, vii. 2, is disregarded in ix. 3. We do not know how it is that certain creatures (including hares, rabbits, eels, lobsters, oysters, swine, and horses) came to be regarded as unclean and not fit for food. Probably the law (Deut. xiv. 4-20, Levi. xi. 1-31) is only a later expression of the settled usage of the people. What is not customary comes at length to be regarded as unlawful.

5. The account of the origin and meaning of the rainbow is beautifully primitive. Men in early days explain natural phenomena by reference to imaginary causes. It is only when long ages have passed that science is born and exact causes are discovered.

IV. HOW WE HAVE OUTGROWN THE THOUGHT OF THE STORY.

1. Already, in Num. xxiii. 19, we see that a higher thought has been reached. In James i. 17 we have a still nearer approach to our thought of God as the eternal, unchanging order of the universe. All things depend on his irrevocable steadfastness.

2. Jesus teaches us in Luke xiii. 1-5 that calamities such as a flood do not come as God's punishment for sin. Only ignorant people attribute such things to the anger of God.

3. Jesus and Paul have led us to regard man as gradually realizing his nature as God's child (Matt. v. 45, 48, Acts xvii. 28). How far above the conception that God will never again curse the earth for the sake of men because they are hopelessly bad!

4. It is well to remember that the highest knowledge of God and God's ways has grown out of such primitive and ignorant ideas, and ought with wider knowledge to be growing toward still nobler things. What Paul says in 1 Cor. xiii. 11, 12, is true of the race. That is what "evolution" means.

V. QUESTIONS.

1. Can you point out the contrast between the two accounts and suggest how they arose and were put together?

2. Does this remove all difficulty which might arise from our regarding these chapters as a sober statement of fact by one writer?

3. Do you think the picture of God making the earth and pronouncing it very good, then destroying it, and finally setting the rainbow to remind him that he has vowed never to destroy it again, is a worthy one?

4. Should we rightly regard the coming of cholera (for instance) as a token of God's displeasure, or as the result of unsanitary living? How would the writers of our story have probably regarded it?

5. What does Jesus teach regarding such things?

THOU God of all, infuse light into the souls of men, whereby they may be enabled to know what is the root from whence all their evils spring, and by what means they may avoid them.—*Euripides.*

PRAYER.

O GOD, animate us to cheerfulness. May we have a joyful sense of our blessings, learn to look on the bright circumstances of our lot, and maintain a perpetual contentedness under Thy allotments. Fortify our minds against disappointment and calamity. Preserve us from despondency, from yielding to dejection. Teach us that no evil is intolerable but a guilty conscience, and that nothing can hurt us if, with true loyalty of affection, we keep Thy commandments, and take refuge in Thee. Amen.—*William Ellery Channing.*

News from the Field.

We observe with interest and quiet expectation, two ministerial accessions to our ranks—the *Rev. C. Snéddon* from the Established Church of Scotland, who has accepted the call of our friends at *Kirkcaldy* to undertake the ministry of the congregation there—and the *Rev. W. H. Read*, but recently a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, who has been preaching in some of our *London* Pulpits, and who is now commended as a suitable man to enter the ranks of our ministry. We welcome these additions to our numbers, and trust they may prove workmen who need not be ashamed in the work they are undertaking for God and man.

Dukinfield has welcomed with great warmth the *Rev. E. G. Evans, B.A.*, late of *Chesterfield*, into its ministry. There is a fine field of work for a zealous and capable man.

Leicester also, after giving up all hope of a further continuance of the services of the *Rev. E. W. Lummis*, who cannot as yet take up full work, and must wait for the manifestation of the will of God, has welcomed to its pastorate the *Rev. E. H. Thomas*, from *Stourbridge*. Here is another fine field, needing a strong, brave man. *Mr. Thomas* has already proved himself as a true leader in Divine things, and now may address himself to the work of his life.

The good people at *Hunslet, Leeds*, after a fine service of twenty years on the part of the *Rev. John Fox*, have presented him with valuable gifts on his retirement from the Pastorate. We do not know what plans *Mr. Fox* may have, but hope he may yet be able to do good work in some other of our congregations.

There are still many, and some of them important places in our midst looking out anxiously for suitable men to take charge of their pulpits. What is wrong among us? Our Colleges do not yield a sufficient supply of prophet souls, and the accessions to our ranks are not numerous enough to meet our needs. We wait, anxiously, for the outpouring of the spirit among us once more!

The *Moss Side* people in *Manchester* have by gifts and bazaar cleared away all debt upon their fine buildings, and the *Rev. A. C. Fox, M.A.*, enters upon his new ministry under more favourable circumstances, and will, we doubt not, prove a worthy and able successor to the *Rev. C. Roper*, who is already winning a place for himself in London.

Our *Missions*—notably our *Domestic* Missions, have had an active time lately, reciting their work of the past winter, and calling upon their friends for further zeal in the ample fields that lie open before them. This applies to the *Blackfriar's Mission*, to the Missions at *Belfast, Manchester, Mansford Street*—all which vigorous bodies, with their active and devoted Missionaries, have been celebrating their anniversaries and showing how vast is the work that has to be done among the poorest and most neglected of the people in our great cities and towns. No

work is more needed, or is of a nobler character, than that which is undertaken by these beneficient agencies.

Then our propagandist work tells of energetic and unflagging activities. The *British and Foreign Association*, the *Midland Christian Union*, the *Manchester District Association*, the *Ulster Association*, the *North-East Lancashire Association*, have all alike been presenting their reports, and they show great enterprise, devoted zeal, and courage amid many discouragements. The fields of labour are "white unto harvest," but, as of old, the "labourers are few." If only we could command the ample means, and the fitting workers with consecrated lives, what a mighty harvest we might gather in. In the meantime the work nearest at hand must be done, and the rest must be left in the hands of Him who, if moving in a mysterious way yet doeth all things well.

The zeal of the *Missionary Conference* is to be seen in the provision of a *Mission Van*, which is to go forth equipped with Missionaries, and suitable literature, to visit towns, villages, and country districts, where none of our congregations are to be found, so that new ground may be broken up, and the Gospel of light and love may be preached to thousands who have never heard our message. The van starts on its way early in May, and many will attend and follow its course with the deepest interest, and with earnest prayers for its success.

There was a wonderful gathering of Sunday School leaders and ministers at *Rochdale* on *Good Friday* when *Blackwater Street Church* was crowded in seats, aisles, and porticoes by an eager audience, while listening to a sermon on Sunday Schools by the *Rev. J. C. Street*, of *Shrewsbury*. Anything more inspiring can hardly be imagined. Everything thrilled with life and emotion, and preacher and audience alike seemed aglow with that wondrous fire which has burned in the souls of Sunday School teachers and scholars for more than a hundred years past. Between five and six hundred teachers were at the service, and in Council, and the records of work done were of a nature to make every heart leap for joy. Here, at all events, was energetic, self-sacrificing work, crowned with the garlands of success and rejoicing.

And in *London*, at *Essex Hall*, the Choral Competitions by the Sunday Schools were of a lively nature, and told of faithful preparation and untiring zeal on the part of those in charge of the children.

While we are writing, the Conference in Oxford is in session, and the representatives of our Free Churches are taking Council together on Divine things, and stirring each other up to new and nobler efforts. Hardly a breath of the activities there has reached us as yet, but our columns this month and next will tell the interesting story, and send us all forth to fresh woods and pastures in the spiritual world which lies so temptingly around us.

Far away as *India* is we see activities in the good cause going on there. The *Brahmo Somaj* in its various branches, the *Postal Mission*—and other agencies are lifting up and broadening the life of the millions of souls who dwell in our Eastern dependency, and make us feel that glorious days are beginning to dawn there. In sympathetic relation to the ancient religion of that glowing East, our message of brotherhood, love, and goodwill cannot help but be heard with gladness, and treasured as a new message from the *All-Father*.

We are glad to see that in various parts of our own country the ministers of our faith meet in conference with each other, and cheer each other's hearts. The *Yorkshire* ministers, the *Midland* ministers, and others gather together and stir up one another as they tell of each other's work and aims, and go back to their various posts of duty cheered and strengthened by their sight of each other's faces and the grasp of brotherly hands. Such meetings are worth holding at any cost and sacrifice.

We notice, with pleasure, the decoration with the Cross of the Legion of Honour of one of our brave and energetic laymen, *John Harrison*, of *London*, who has done great things for *France*, and who has been honoured by the French nation. The bonds of amity between England and France grow stronger every day.

At this moment our whole nation is stirred to its very centre by the new Education proposals of the Government. A new day has dawned. Brave men are at the helm of affairs. A great measure has been sketched by Mr. Birrell, and we hail it as an honest attempt to deal with a mighty and difficult problem. It is comprehensive, and considerate, and is a fair attempt to settle many conflicting interests. But it halts before the only solution which is National, and Logical—secular instruction by the State, and religious instruction by and at the cost of the churches. If the present compromise be rejected by the Anglicans and Roman Catholics, then the only just and satisfactory conclusion will be reached. We should best be pleased with such an outcome of the present controversy.

Once more we record the loss of noble men and women who have passed out of our ranks and entered into the nearer presence of God. Devoted women, of saintly lives, like *Miss Teschemacher*, *Mrs. George*, and *Mrs. Cash*, whose works and largeheartedness were known by many among us—and men of loftiness and power like *T. Hornblower Gill*, and *Geo. Carslake Thompson*, and sturdy laymen like *Dr. W. Logan* and *J. P. Orr*—all have passed away leaving us all the poorer, but quickened and inspired because holy ones like these have glorified our Churches.

SCRUTATOR.

April 20th, 1906.

Children's Page.

The White Dove.

THERE was once upon a time a white dove that lived next door to a growly grizzly bear.

The dove had a voice as sweet as music, but the bear had a terrible growl. He was always snarling, growling, and quarreling, till the white dove said: "I cannot stand it any longer. I must find a new home."

So, early the next morning, she started out to find the new home. First she went to the creek and dipped her wings in the shining water till they were as white as snow, and then away she flew, over the hills and the valley.

"Coo, coo! I should like to live with a good child," she said as she flew.

By and by she came to a small white house by the roadside, and there on the dorstep sat a little girl who looked so much like a good child that the white dove lighted on a tree by the gate and called, with her voice as sweet as music: "Coo, coo! may I come in? Coo, coo, may I come in?"

But the little girl did not hear, for just then her mother called from the kitchen: "Little daughter, come in! I want you to rock the baby to sleep." And before the dove had time to call again the little girl began to cry as loudly as she could: "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo! I—don't—want—to—come—in! Boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

"Coo, coo" called the white dove; but it did no good. So she spread her wings and flew away.

"I should rather live next door to a growly grizzly bear," she said to herself, "than in the house with a child who cries like that."

On and on she flew, over the tree-tops and roofs, till she reached a big house that had a great many doors and windows. The windows were open, and, looking in, the white dove saw half a dozen boys and girls playing together.

Oh, what a noise there was! The baby had waked up long before he was through with his nap, and he was crying about it, and the nurse was singing to him; and all the rest were running and screaming and jumping, till altogether there was such a din that the white dove could not make herself heard, although she called many times.

At last, however, somebody spied her, and then what a terrible time she had!

Every child in the room began to push and scramble to get her. "She's mine!" "She's mine!" "I saw her first!" "You didn't!" "I did!" they cried, all talking at once, till the white dove spread her wings and flew away.

"It would be almost as bad as living next door to a growly grizzly bear to live in the house with all that noise," she said as she flew away.

Her white wings were weary, and she began to think that she would have to turn back, when she heard a sound as sweet as her own voice. It came from a brown house near by, and the white dove made haste to the door to find out what the sound was.

When she put her head in at the door she saw a little girl rocking her baby brother to sleep in his cradle; and it was this little girl who had the voice like music. As she rocked the cradle she sang:—

"All the pretty little horses,
White and gray and black and bay;
All the pretty little horses,
You shall see some day, some day,—
All the pretty little horses."

"Coo, coo! may I come in?" called the white dove softly at the door; and the little girl looked up.

Now the child had often thought that she would rather have a white dove than anything else in the world, and she whispered back: "Dear dove, come in." Then the white dove went in and lived there all the days of her life, and never had to go back to live by the growly grizzly bear any more; for she had found a home with a good child, and that is the best home in the world.

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